

The Labour Battalion.

He's not so very young, and he's not so very smart,
 He's groggy on his pins, but he's warm right in his heart ;
 He does not fire a rifle, 'cause he's been marked B 2...
 But he went right against it when he'd the job to do.
 He don't get much recognition, 'cause he dont look spick and span ;
 I know he aint a Guardy, but from work he never ran.
 And he makes the roads that lead right up to the battle front,
 And he gets almost as close as those who bear the battle's brunt.
 Oh, he acts right up against it, as I can prove to you,
 For I've seen the cross that marks HIS place — and they number quite a few.
 He's mostly over forty, and « rheumaticky » as well,
 But he went behind the Blankshires up to the gates of hell.
 You can bet he did'nt funk it, but on and on he went,
 And followed up the road to which his fighting sons he's sent.
 So dont you all forget him as upon your way you go,
 But remember he's as useful as the men who strike the blow.
 He may be old and weary, he may be an « also ran ».
 But, by the Gods above you, he is every inch a man.

ANTONY GINLEY**THE EMPIRE'S YOUNGEST D. C. M.****His Story as told by himself.**

When that glorious first Canadian Contingent sailed away from Gaspe Bay on their journey across the Atlantic, there was on one of the ships a little stowaway. Half across the ocean he came out of his hiding place, and soon became a great favourite with the men of a battalion from Montreal. And when they arrived at the notorious Camp on Salisbury Plains, he was with them, the pet of the Regiment. This young lad's name was Antony Ginley. At the time of this escapade he was fourteen years and five months old, and thought of his trip as great sport. But he also wanted to get to the front, and took this means of gaining his object. All through that horrible winter at Salisbury, he